This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1. No Subject

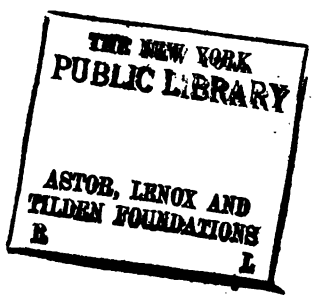
THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
* * *
PRESENTED IN MEMORY OF
GEORGE S. BRYAN
BY
ALICE S. BRYAN

NAS
Elliott

THE TWO WATCHES,

AND

Other Stories.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

THE TWO WATCHES COMPARED

page 32

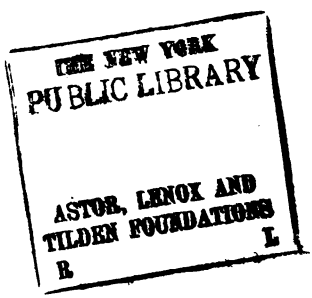
THE TWO WAT

AND OTHER STORIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF COR

THE BANK NOTE
page 101

T. NELSON AND SONS.
LONDON, EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R
L

THE TWO WATCHES,

AND

Other Stories.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COPSLEY ANNALS," "FATHER'S COMING HOME,"
&c., &c.

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1874.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
23647?B
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1947 L

Contents.

THE TWO WATCHES :—

I. A Serious Subject, ... 9

II. The Lesson a Watch Teaches, ... 24

THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN :—

I. Alone in the World, ... 41

II. A Friend in Need, ... 55

III. The Water of Life, ... 64

BANK-NOTES :—

I. Hard Times, ... 79

II. The Old Pocket-book, ... 96

III. A Royal Promise, ... 106

46 X 1221

THE TWO WATCHES.

THE TWO WATCHES.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

CHAPTER I.

A SERIOUS SUBJECT.

EDDY GRANT sat quietly and thoughtfully upon his rocking-horse. He had been riding in a very spirited manner after first mounting; but a serious subject was occupying his thoughts, and in proportion as his mind busied itself with increasing intentness upon this subject, so his horse went slower and slower, until at last it stopped altogether, and its rider remained perfectly still, with his whip in his hand.

Now, as Eddy was not in the habit of sitting still to think, but was far more accustomed to run about and play untiringly the moment that lessons were over, and that he and his sister Ruth were set free, it might have puzzled any one entering the play-room at that moment to guess the reason of his thoughtfulness. But we shall soon find out; for Ruth, who, being a year older than her brother, is kept in the school-room a little longer to have a lesson in needle-work, will join him presently; and while he waits for her, we will tell our readers in a few words something about Eddy Grant's parents and home.

A pretty country-house standing in a pleasant garden and surrounded by beautiful trees was his home, and a very happy one it was. Mr. and Mrs. Grant left nothing undone which could tend to the real advantage of their children; and though their little boy did not always show his love to

them by trying to conquer many faults which they regarded with anxiety, he yet loved them very, very dearly. Next to their parents, Ruth and Eddy loved their sister Mary better than any one in the world. She was much older than either of them, for Ruth was only nine, and Mary was eighteen; but she was not a bit too old for a good game of play, nor for hide-and-seek in the garden, nor for many an amusement which she made her little brother and sister think she enjoyed as much as themselves. Then Mary was her parents' right hand, assisting her mother in home duties, and her father by writing for him and reading to him; and in the village school and among the cottages, no teacher was so welcome, no visitor so warmly greeted. Often she took Ruth and Eddy with her in these visits of usefulness, and as they walked home, even the latter—whose usual mode of returning was to climb the banks and explore every little path which

led off from the road—even Eddy was content to walk by her side, and listen while she told him about the children in the different homes, and made him take an interest in providing amusements for them and in her plans for their improvement; so that after one of these walks he imparted his private opinion to Ruth, that of all elder sisters in existence, no one was so nice as Mary. He did not fully understand what it was that rendered her so beloved and useful, for Eddy had not felt for himself the love of Jesus which had found its way to his sister's heart, early renewed by divine grace; but if he had been able to trace the struggles against temptation, and the desires after holiness, which passed within, he would have learned that a life like Mary's was one of difficulties indeed, but mixed with deep and tranquil peace, such as the world cannot give.

It was on her eighteenth birth-day that we have introduced Eddy to our reader;

and while we have been describing her home, her parents, and her sister, Ruth has finished her work, and being finally dismissed from the school-room, has run downstairs with the exclamation,—

"Now, Eddy, for our half-holiday! Mary says she'll come to us for all the afternoon, and tell us stories, and play in the garden; and mamma says we're all to have tea on the lawn!"

"Ruth," replied her brother soberly, "how old must I be to be grown-up?"

It seemed rather an out-of-the-way question following upon his sister's entrance, but Ruth saw nothing remarkable in it. "I don't know exactly," she replied. "I think people are grown-up at twenty."

"Twenty!" answered Eddy; "long before that! Why, Mary's grown-up, and she's only eighteen; and Harry More's only sixteen, and he's as tall as papa."

Ruth looked puzzled. "Very well, Eddy," she replied; "let us settle that

sixteen is grown-up—but we're both a long way off from that."

"A long, long way!" sighed Eddy.—"Ruth, what did you think when papa gave Mary that watch this morning? I know what I thought—that I'd rather have one of my own than anything else in the world."

"It would be very nice," replied his sister; "but did you hear what papa said when he put it on for her? It was that he had not intended to give it until she was twenty-one, but that she had already learned the lesson which a watch teaches, and that it was to show how he and mamma felt her such a comfort to them."

"I wonder what papa meant!" said Eddy; "I suppose he meant how quickly time goes. But *I* think it goes very slow; it seems a long time before I shall be a man and have a watch of my own. Ruth, if I were to walk on tip-toe always, and to stretch myself up very tall, perhaps I

should grow up quicker. Or—I've thought of something else—don't laugh, Ruth, it's a plan. I heard the gardener say that this was such fine growing weather, and that the plants in the green-house had shot up prodigious—that was what he said exactly; and when papa looked at Mary to-day, he said she had grown so fast—as fast as a green-house plant. Now, Ruth, suppose I were to sit in the green-house a great deal, and take my books and spend all my play-time there, don't you think I might shoot up prodigious too?"

Ruth looked doubtful. "I don't think—I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Eddy," she replied; "things that make flowers grow don't do for us. You see, rain makes them grow ever so fast; but if we were to stand out in the rain, we shouldn't get any taller."

"What's this about standing out in the rain, Miss Ruth?" said a voice close to her, while she suddenly felt her father's arm round her waist, and found herself lifted on

his knee. Eddy looked rather shy, for they had been talking so busily that they had not heard Mr. Grant enter; but Ruth replied, quite simply,—

"Eddy was planning how to make himself grow up to be a man very quick, papa, so that he might have a watch."

"Indeed," answered Mr. Grant, with a very merry look at Eddy, who still sat upon his rocking-horse; "and so, Master Eddy, you're going to stand out in the rain, are you, that you may grow faster, and that you may have a watch! Is it Mary's watch that has set you upon this?"

Mr. Grant's children were not in the least afraid of him, for he was so kind that almost all their projects were confided to his ears; and, in fact, Eddy and Ruth had not even kept back their most secret plan of digging through the earth in their gardens in hopes of finding a gold-mine underneath. So that it was without any reserve that Eddy replied to his question,—

"Oh yes, papa; I'd give anything to have a watch of my own. Mary's looks so bright and pretty, and ticks so beautifully, and it has a key to wind it up."

"Did you hear what I said to Mary when I gave it her this morning?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Yes, papa—that she had learned the lesson that a watch teaches."

"Well, Eddy, you are to be eight years old next week—let me see, what day is it to be?"

"Friday."

"Well, on Friday evening I will tell you what I meant when I said this to Mary; and meantime, my boy, don't be wanting to be a man before you know half the pleasures of being a boy. And besides," continued Mr. Grant more seriously, "when we remember, dear children, how short at the longest is the time given us here for preparation for eternity, we could not wish to lose a moment of it. That is *one* lesson that Mary's watch

teaches us. That tick, tick, tick, tick, seems to say, 'Time is flying, time is flying—watch, watch, watch; another minute is gone which can never come back.' God grant," he added in a low voice, "that my little ones may so 'number their days that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom!'"

Mary's birth-day was a pleasant day to the children, and the tea on the lawn was enjoyed by all. They made a wreath for the birth-day cake which was much admired; and when it was no longer needed for the cake, Mary let them put it on her head; which little coronation was performed with a great deal of ceremony by Eddy and Ruth. Then, after tea, there was a grand game of hide-and-seek, the finishing stroke to which was the discovery of Eddy perched up in the boughs of a tree, like King Charles in the oak, when everybody had been looking for him underneath the bushes. When they were tired of playing, Mr. Grant told them a long story of his travels in Italy; and the

evening was concluded with some sweet hymns led by Mary's voice, and in which her little brother and sister had already learned to take part; after which they went to bed wishing the evening was not ended, and already looking forward to the next Friday, when Mr. Grant's promise was to be fulfilled.

The following day was Sunday, and whether it was that Eddy's thoughts were full of the pleasures of the night before, or whether it was that a sudden fit of indolence had taken possession of him, we can hardly determine, but so it happened that he contrived two or three times to give his parents cause for reproving him.

"How is it your texts are so carelessly learned, Eddy?" inquired his mother, who had been patiently waiting for him to stumble through them. "You had plenty of time after breakfast, but you hardly know one."

"They're very hard, mamma. I can't say them rightly."

Mrs. Grant took up the Testament. "Very hard, Eddy! why, they are not half so long as last Sunday's, and you learned those quite easily; and Ruth has said hers without any trouble."

"Ruth learned hers before breakfast."

"And why could not you have learned them then? You had plenty of time."

"I was looking at my flowers. I don't like learning these verses, mamma; I wish I might learn my hymn instead."

Mr. Grant had been standing near the window while Eddy was talking, and now, taking no notice of the boy, he looked in to say that the church-bells were ringing, and then walked away.

Eddy's mother looked vexed. So did Ruth. This particular hour before church, and after Mary had gone to the Sunday school, was always devoted by Mrs. Grant to hearing the children say two or three texts chosen the previous Sunday, and then explained to them with many an interesting

anecdote, and with illustrations from their own conduct during the week. It was generally a most favourite hour, and now Eddy had given so much trouble, and had been so inattentive, that he had quite spoiled it. Ruth might have felt vexed with him, but she was a gentle little girl, and only alluded to it by saying to her brother, as they walked to church behind their parents, "I hope, Eddy, you'll get your verses perfect after dinner; it vexes mamma so when we're careless."

"I can't help it," he replied roughly; "it's all very well for girls to talk and be good; I learned my verses quite well enough."

During church-time, before which Mary joined them, Eddy's thoughts seemed never to be fixed for a moment. Not that he appeared naughty outwardly, for his parents' eyes were on him; but he seemed to think that the prayers were for grown-up people only, and not for him; his voice was silent during the responses and singing, and on

coming home he was unable to answer a single question about the sermon, although it was so easy that every child could have understood it. Eddy's self was at church, but his heart was not there.

After the early dinner, Mr. Grant called Eddy to his study, and told him that he should expect to hear him say the imperfectly learned verses before evening; and advised him to take his Testament to a quiet seat in the garden, where he would learn undisturbedly.

If he had chosen he might have brought them back perfectly learned in half an hour; but when, before going out to evening-service, his father called for them, the verses were still carelessly repeated, and it was quite evident that Eddy had not *tried* to learn them. Nothing more, however, was said upon the subject; but Eddy went discontentedly to bed that evening, vexed because Ruth had been able to answer about the sermon, and to say her verses so much better

than himself; vexed that he had lost the pleasant hour with Mary which she always gave to her little brother and sister on the Sunday afternoon, and in which she usually brought out a large "Pilgrim's Progress" full of pictures, and explained it to them; and vexed, finally, because he knew that he had trifled away the hours of the Sabbath, and he had an uncomfortable feeling that God was displeased with him for doing so.

If Eddy had confessed his sin humbly to his heavenly Father, and had asked him to pardon it for Jesus Christ's sake, he might have fallen asleep with the sweet assurance that God had forgiven all for his dear Son; but his prayers were only *said*, not *prayed*— his thoughts were busy with something else; and though he woke up the next morning as bright and merry as ever, having forgotten all that had passed, it was not a safe forgetfulness.

CHAPTER II.

THE LESSON A WATCH TEACHES.

IT would take too long a time to give the history of what happened every day between Sunday and Friday. Eddy and Ruth had a great many quiet pleasures. Their lessons were made so interesting to them, that they might have been numbered with their pleasures. Then they had gardens of their own, and playthings, and some cousins who lived not far off and were their constant playfellows, and plenty of nice books; so that as far as outward things could make them happy, they were so. It was Thursday evening, and the two children stood together in their gardens, in each of which was a gooseberry bush, a

few potatoes which they regarded with special pride, a rose-tree, and some mignonette.

"Ruth," exclaimed Eddy after a long silence, "it's only twelve hours now to my birth-day. I want to go to sleep very early indeed to-night, that to-morrow may come sooner; and then we'll both get up very early, to make the day as long as possible."

"But what shall we do all the time before breakfast?" inquired his sister soberly.

"O Ruth, such a question! Why, it'll be my birth-day, and we've a whole holiday, and we can guess what papa, and mamma, and Mary will give me; and then all our cousins are coming in the afternoon, and there'll be all my presents to show them—and—and oh! let us try and get up very early."

Eddy was quite out of breath as he enumerated the coming pleasures; and although he had given no answer to his sister's question, she was quite willing to accept his reply as such.

"I'll get up whenever you please," she said good-naturedly; "but how shall we awake in time?"

"We'll determine, Ruth; we'll both determine," answered her brother seriously; "and if you wake first, you must come and call me. And now let us guess what I shall have for my presents."

The bell summoned the children to tea, and every one was surprised at the manner in which, when bed-time was announced, Eddy went off without a moment's delay, contrary to his usual custom; while Ruth actually gave up her additional quarter of an hour down-stairs, allowed in right of her being a year older, that she might satisfy his impatience, expressed by nods and winks intended for herself alone. Every one was surprised but Mary, who laughed quietly at her little brother's precautions, which she understood perfectly.

Eddy's determination resulted in his waking up at three o'clock in the morning; upon

which he proceeded to call Ruth! Little Ruth, though very sleepy, obeyed the summons, and stole on tip-toe to the head of the stairs to ascertain the time; but finding it so early, they agreed to sleep on for a little while longer, and did not then wake up till nurse called them at their usual hour.

There was time for a run in the garden, however, before prayers. There they were joined by Mary, who very lovingly greeted her little brother on his birth-day. When they came in, his parents repeated the birth-day wishes; and in the prayer Mr. Grant made a special petition for the little boy, that his heart might early be renewed by the Holy Spirit, and that the opening year might be to him a year of learning in the school of Jesus.

Then every one went to the breakfast-room, and eagerly did Master Eddy run to his place at the table, and take up the plate, which, contrary to custom, was turned down, as if to indicate concealed treasures.

And so it did! He gave a cry of pleasure when first a beautiful little box, filled with many coloured books, appeared as Mrs. Grant's present. Next to this was a pocket-knife, given to him by Mary on condition that he would not cut his fingers. Then there was a ball—for playing in the hall on wet days—of Ruth's making; and lastly, a packet wrapped up in paper from his father. When opened, a little box with a glass lid was revealed; and inside, on cotton-wool, lay a small watch, such as Eddy, who had seldom been in toy-shops, had never seen before. With it was a key, and the boy was delighted when Mary put the chain round his neck, and showed him how to turn the hands to the hour he wished. It was not a real watch, but still it was very like; and after showering thanks on the kind givers of his presents, Eddy sat down to his breakfast, pausing at intervals to delight his eyes with his new possessions. Throughout the day he held frequent coun-

sel with the old clock on the stairs, adjusting the hands of his watch every half-hour, and answering with grave satisfaction the inquiries made to him by every member of the family as to what time it was. During the whole morning the new watch was Eddy's constant delight. After dinner, Ruth fancied he did not look at it quite so often; and when it had been once more set right, and exhibited to his cousins, he asked Mary to take care of it for him while he went to play. Very quickly the hours—the bright birth-day hours—passed away; and after tea, and when his play-fellows had said "Good-bye," Eddy went slowly with Ruth into the drawing-room, feeling something of sadness at the thought that the day he had looked forward to so long was really over.

"I must wait a whole year, Ruth," he said, "before I shall have another birthday; I wish I could begin the day again."

Mr. Grant was in the drawing-room waiting for the children, after having distinguished himself in their games during the evening. It was always his custom to conclude a birth-day with a quiet talk with his child, and to choose a Scripture motto which was to be remembered throughout the opening year; and which, printed neatly on a card, was hung up by the bedside, where it caught the eye immediately on its opening every morning.

Eddy sprang to his father's knee, and Ruth fetched a stool and sat quietly by his side while he asked the question,—

"Well, my boy, and has this been a happy birth-day?"

"Yes, papa," answered Eddy, with a half sigh, "oh yes, very."

"And you are a little sorry that it is over—eh, Eddy?"

"I think I am, papa; it seems to have gone so quickly."

"And what else is making you look

sober, Eddy? Is there nothing but the thought that the birth-day is ended?"

"Not exactly, papa—I mean, that's not quite all. I don't know that I ought to say the rest."

Eddy's honesty prevailed over his hesitation.

"I think I can guess," said Ruth; "it's about—"

"No, Eddy shall tell me himself," interposed her father.—"You needn't mind telling me, my boy."

"But I'm afraid you'll think me ungrateful, papa."

"Not at all, Eddy. I suspect it has something to do with the watch; and you know I can't so well keep my promise of telling you the lesson that a watch teaches unless you answer my question. I shan't think you ungrateful."

"You see, papa," said Eddy, hesitatingly, "I liked it very much at first—it looked so pretty, though it wasn't real; and then I

liked putting the hands by the right time; but then, after all, I began to get tired of its being only for show, and of no real use in telling the time. But it was very kind of you to give it me, papa. Indeed, I liked it this morning very much."

Mr. Grant smiled as he passed his hand softly over Eddy's brow. "I'm glad you've told me this, dear boy," he said, "for I did not choose my present without a reason. Now run and bring it here; and Ruth, you may ask Mary to trust you to bring her watch to me, and we will have our promised talk about it."

"Let us compare them with each other," he continued, as, after accomplishing their errands, the children resumed their seats; "one is nearly as pretty as the other."

"Yes, papa; but Eddy's is not *real* gold."

"And Eddy's has two hands and a key."

"But they do not move, papa, unless I

move them; *there is nothing inside to make them go right.*"

"I understand," said Mr. Grant; "now let us look inside Mary's."

He opened it, and showed the children how all the wheels acted upon each other; and asked if they knew what it was that set all in motion, and regulated the hands."

"I know," answered Ruth; "Mary told me it was the main-spring."

"Quite right," answered her father. "We can hardly see the main-spring, but yet from it comes all the power which works the hands; and when Mary winds it up every night, its power is renewed for the next day. And so the difference between her watch and yours, Eddy, is, that one is only outside show, and requires you to move the hands for yourself, while Mary's is beautifully regulated by the spring inside. And now, which of you can tell me what this watch teaches?"

"Papa, I think I know," said Ruth in a

low voice; "unless the love of God is in our hearts, our hands can't go right, and we only look good outside."

"Quite right, dear Ruth; but I will make it still plainer. There are a great many children—ay, and grown-up people too—who seem good outside, as you call it. They go to church or chapel, they say their prayers, and read good books, and are often very kind and good-natured, but—*there is no main-spring within.* They put on an appearance of religion; and just as Eddy's watch appears like a real one at a distance, so they are very often mistaken, until better known, for true disciples of Jesus. But now for the difference. You heard me tell Mary that she had learned the lesson, and you can both see from her daily life that she has the main-spring in her heart. When a child begins to see that he is very sinful—that he deserves God's anger, and cannot of himself be saved—he searches for some way of finding peace. The Holy

Spirit is graciously given to show him that Jesus died in his stead, that he bore the punishment of his sins on the cross, and that on him was laid the iniquity of us all. You have read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and can remember how, when Christian saw the cross, the burden of sin fell off his back.

"Well, dear children, just in the same way the poor sinner who comes to Jesus finds peace in the thought that he has paid the debt, and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; the great burden is removed, and joy and love fill his heart. Now, suppose that, as we read in a Bible parable, you had a very heavy debt, and some kind friend were to pay it for you, what would you feel?"

"Oh, papa, we should love him very much," replied the children in one breath; "we should feel as if we could never do enough to show our love."

"And so it is with true children of God,"

rejoined their father. "They feel as if they could never do enough to show their love and gratitude to Him who so loved them; and *this love to the Saviour is the main-spring which regulates their lives and actions,* guiding their hands, and directing all they do. The first cry of St. Paul, when he saw the Lord Jesus, was, 'Lord, what wilt *THOU* have me to do?' and you know how his whole after-life, as he said himself, was devoted to him who loved him and gave himself for him; so the soul that has once come to know Jesus Christ, will feel that gratitude to him must be the moving-spring of life for ever after. And then, too, as Mary's watch needs often to be wound up, so our strength must be often renewed—there must be a continual work of God's Spirit in our hearts, that our outward lives may be regulated truly and rightly from within.

"Which is the case with my children?" inquired Mr. Grant, after a moment's pause.

There was no answer for a minute; then Ruth said in low tones, "Papa, I am afraid that I am like Eddy's watch."

"Eddy," said his father, "can you guess what made me choose my present for you? I would not make your birth-day sad, my boy; but I have feared lately that you have been careless of pleasing God. When you were outwardly quiet in God's house last Sunday, but inwardly careless of his worship—when, instead of learning your verses, you were chasing a butterfly, and attending to your garden, because you thought no eye was upon you—when I have seen you well-behaved in my presence and your mamma's, and have caught the sound of angry words and rough language while you thought we could not hear,—then I have thought of the difference between the real watch and the false one."

"Papa," said Eddy, lifting up his head, and wiping away the tears which had wetted his cheeks,—"papa, I will pray to God

that he will put the main-spring into my heart."

Then Mr. Grant knelt down with the little brother and sister, and asked God to put the best birth-day gift of love to Jesus into their hearts, and to guide their feet into the way of peace. And he gave Eddy's birth-day motto from John xiv. 15: "If ye love ME, keep my commandments."

The watch was hung up by his bed-side, and he and Ruth from time to time talk of all that their papa said about it; and I think that, silent as it is, it often speaks to them of Eddy's birth-day, and bids them ask themselves whether the main-spring in their hearts is love of self, or the love of Jesus Christ their Saviour.

THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.

THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.

"Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life freely."

CHAPTER I.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

IT is a hot, burning, summer day—hot even in the green country, where the busy sunbeams seem as if they themselves must take shelter under the trees, for they do their best to penetrate the leafy shade—hot even where, on the coast, sea-breezes temper the scorching rays; but hotter still in the great city, where fresh air seldom comes, where thickly peopled courts and crowded alleys are so

close together, that you feel astonished that so many human beings can live in such small space, and where, at every breath, you inhale an atmosphere from which you gladly retreat to a more inviting locality.

In the shadow of some tall, ruinous-looking warehouses, a boy stood silently examining with curious eyes an object of recent erection, and evidently quite new to him. It was a drinking-fountain, which, since he had last visited that spot, had been placed there by a benevolent individual who knew the blessing of fresh, pure water, and who would gladly have made the poor inhabitants of this thickly populated district feel its superiority to the poisonous stimulants which are sold in public-houses and gin-palaces on every side.

If you had asked poor Maurice where he lived, he would have replied, "Anywheres."

If you had asked him how he lived, he would have answered, "Anyhow."

But if you had asked him what friends

he had, he would have looked up wonderingly in your face with the sad reply, "*None.*"

He was very ragged and thin, and seemed tired as he crouched into the little patch of shade which we have mentioned. There was a look in his face which told you that his life was objectless—or at least, that it had no aim beyond that of supporting life. Friendless and alone, he was one of that sad brotherhood who, homeless and uncared-for, wander about our great cities, earning, it may be, a penny now and then, but subsisting more usually by begging, if not by theft. He leaned wearily by the side of the drinking-fountain, and wondered much as to how it came there, and as to what he should have to pay for a drink of the fresh water, which would be so refreshing on that sultry day. He would have put the cup to his lips at once, only that he felt sure the owner must be near, and would collar him if he were found stealing the water; and he knew

already, poor fellow, the results following upon detection in dishonesty.

Just as he was musing upon the subject, the door opened of a building near at hand, of better appearance than those by which it was surrounded, and a number of children ran out into the street. Once without, they advanced slowly, as it was too hot to run; and several eagerly stationed themselves by the fountain, and with much satisfaction drank in turn of the pure cold water.

Maurice looked on with surprise, wondering how they had obtained leave to drink so freely, and then answering the wonder to himself, by supposing that the privilege had been purchased for the school. None of the children noticed him; and when he contrasted his rags with the neatness which, for the most part, showed itself in their appearance, he felt shy of accosting them. The last visitor to the fountain was a little girl of about ten years of age, small in stature, and of gentle manners. She had to stand

on tip-toe to reach the water, and more than once spilt it in the endeavour. Maurice came shyly forward, and filling the cup, gave it into her hand, wondering to himself that her pleasant "Thank you!" should make him feel so comfortable. When he peeped under the white straw bonnet, and saw a pair of kindly blue eyes, and a kindly little smile lighting them up, he felt emboldened to ask a question of their owner, only saying to himself, "I wish her dress warn't so uncommon neat—she's a sight grander than me."

"What's to pay for a drink?" he inquired.

"A drink of water?" was the reply. "Oh, nothing!—it's free to everybody. Good afternoon."

With which words the little maiden ran off to join her companions.

"'Nothing to pay, and free for everybody!'" exclaimed Maurice to himself. "Well, now, if that ain't a good un!"

With which words he filled the cup and raised it to his lips, looking round cautiously at first, lest any one should stop to interfere; but finding this needless, finishing up with a long draught, which refreshed him in no small degree.

"Nothing to pay!" he repeated. "Well, now, I know I'd like to see the man who set up that 'ere; I'd like to say Thank 'ee! It seems so kind-like for a body to be able to get a drink free and easy, and no one to ask what un's about."

The next day found Maurice again near the drinking-fountain. He had spent part of the night on a door-step, and when the policeman had made him "move on" from thence, he finished it up under a railway arch. The morning was marked by him as a lucky one, for he was called to carry a bundle by a passer-by, who had himself undertaken more than he was able for, and received threepence for the same act of service. Moreover, his errand led him close

to the spot which he had visited the day before, and he gladly drank once more of the cool water, half feeling that the fountain was a friend that knew him again.

"I wish I could read," said he to himself; "I'd like to know what the writing is over the basin. Now, if that little lass were to go by again, I'd ask her. She's a scholar, I guess, for she'd a book in her hand; and she'd not be above telling me, for all she's so well dressed. I know that from the look of her eyes."

So Maurice, who had nothing better to do, waited to see the school-door open, and watched for the white straw bonnet with a dark blue ribbon, matching a frock of dark blue print, covered by a white pinafore. It did not appear for some time after the others, and when at last it caught his sight, he saw that the owner thereof was in a hurry, and that she was passing by without seeing him.

"Ma'am, missus, ma'am," said poor Maurice,

who felt instinctively a desire to call up a little good manners, and who seemed, ignorant as he was, to be fumbling for them in some remote recess without being able exactly to lay his hand on them.

"I'm not ma'am," said the little maiden, stopping short; "I'm Charity — Charity March."

Now poor Maurice's experiences of charity had been very small; but having often heard the proverbial saying that "Charity begins at home," from the lips of those who most sturdily refused to assist him, he had settled it in his mind that another proverb, "Cold as charity," was very true indeed; which axiom he dismissed from his mind from that moment when little Charity March told him her name.

"Would you tell me the reading that's on there?" said Maurice; "I thought you'd maybe be scholar enough."

"I can't stay more than a minute," answered little Charity: "you see, I'm late

this afternoon, and father would never know how to get his tea without me; but I can just stop to tell you the words. Those over the basin are,—'*He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;*' and then, '*Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely;*' and underneath, 'Presented by Mr. John Matthews, May 27, 1859.' They're beautiful words, aren't they? I mean those first; they're out of the Bible, you know." And then little Charity tripped away.

"Out of the Bible, you know!" Much poor Maurice knew of the Bible; and much he puzzled over the little maiden's words. Several things came into his mind respecting her few remarks, and gave occupation to his thoughts. "Father couldn't ever get his tea without me." How nice that sounded! How he wished that there was somebody who would care for *his* coming back—that there was any home, however

poor, where *he* might go. Little Charity had a home—a home, and tea too. Maurice had only once tasted tea in his life, and had looked upon it as a luxury so entirely above his reach, that he had given up all expectation of ever tasting it again. Home! yes, that was a word to which the friendless boy's thoughts returned over and over. Home, and a father looking out for her! He had never known a father, and he had been told that his mother had died a widow before he could remember. He had grown up hardly knowing how, and with no one to care whether he came or went, lived or died. And he silently looked up the street at the end of which little Charity had disappeared, wondering to himself what it would feel like to have a friend.

"If I was to die now," he said to himself, "I wonder what difference it would make to anybody! I should like to think somebody'd cry for me like the poor old woman who followed her grandson's coffin in the street

yesterday. This here dripping fountain seems the friendliest-looking thing I have seen for a long day. It makes a fellow feel better to think that some one has cared to give him water for nothing—everything has to be paid for so in this here world. And those words she said sounded so friendly, too. I wonder what they meant,—Water of life freely.' It sounds very pleasant in words. And then, 'He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst,'—I wonder who it is gives us that. Perhaps it's the Mr. John Matthews who set up the fountain. *He* must be kind. I wish I could see him, and look if his face was good; if it was, I'd be bold and ask him to be my friend. Perhaps he'd find me some work. I'd be strong enough to work, with a little more food; and then—and then—why, I'd earn money reg'lar, and get friends; and then this kind fountain would have been the beginning of it all." And Maurice looked brightly into the marble basin, and

at the little trickling stream of water, just as if he would have said, "We'll be friends, and understand each other."

He loitered about the next day in hopes of spying little Charity March, like a bright star among the restless throng of ragged poor which crowded together around him; but it was a Saturday, and there was always a holiday on that day at the small school for tradesmen's daughters which she attended, and so she did not appear. But it was still a pleasure to see how many that drinking-fountain befriended during the day—how many hot, thirsty, poor people, left it refreshed and invigorated; while the words which Charity had read to him became quite imprinted on his memory from his hearing them so often repeated aloud by those who had partaken, and who almost always turned away the better for the little spark of kindliness which the freely-offered token of good-will woke up in their hearts.

"I *will* find out Mr. John Matthews,"

said Maurice to himself, "and ask him to be so kind as to give me this water of life if he has it. It might make me strong and well; for I am weak enough from starvation, and weary enough too. Maybe he'd be looking after his fountain here. I'll look out for some one likely, and make bold to speak to him."

Maurice only made the attempt once on that Saturday evening; for into that low neighbourhood but few people found their way who were at all like what he expected Mr. John Matthews to be. It was to an elderly gentleman that he spoke, who was passing rapidly by, and whose dress looked promising, Maurice thought.

"If you please, are you Mr. John Matthews?" he asked timidly.

"I make it a rule never to give to beggars," was the reply of the elderly gentleman, who was very deaf, and who passed on, leaving Maurice quite sure that he was not the man he sought.

He did not try again that night, but spent his last halfpenny in procuring something to eat; then he took a drink at the friendly fountain, and after wandering outside the warehouses for a long time, found an unbolted door, and creeping into an out-of-the-way corner, discovered an unusually comfortable bed on some old straw which was spread on a piece of coarse sacking.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"I MUST try and earn something for breakfast," Maurice said to himself as he woke the next morning; "I haven't nothing for breakfast, and one can't live altogether on water. I don't like to steal—I'd rather not beg, but I can't starve. I'll look out for Mr. Matthews. I *must* get to know about 'the water of life freely.'"

Sunday morning had no voice to the heart of the friendless boy; indeed, Sunday made little difference to any one in that neighbourhood, except, perhaps, that the eating-shops were more visited, and that the women flaunted gayer rags. Maurice,

hungry and desponding, listened to the church bells without an idea that they might be sounding out an invitation to him. It had never entered his head that churches and chapels were for poor ragged boys. He had a sort of notion that somebody stood at their doors to prevent any one from entering unless he were well dressed, and he did not in the least understand why people went to them at all.

At about nine o'clock he spied the little form of Charity March coming down the street. She had on a clean frock and a white tippet, and a bag of books was in her hand. When she saw Maurice, she stopped short, and felt for a time in her bag, as if in search of something which she could not at first find. Then, coming up half timidly, she put a little parcel of bread and meat into his hand. "I'm afraid you're very poor," she said in a low, child voice, "and perhaps you're hungry. You won't mind my giving you this! You must take it from

the same who says, 'He'll give the water of life freely.'" And so saying, little Charity went on her way; and Maurice, the poor orphan boy, who was very weak and faint, looked after her until the hot tears came into his eyes as he repeated to himself the gentle words of kindness, almost the first he had ever heard, and put them by in a little corner of his heart, where he might go and look at them over and over again.

They puzzled him, however, not a little. "From the same 'who gives the water of life freely,' she said. *Can* that be Mr. John Matthews? It seems very strange that he should know of me. Perhaps little Charity knows him, and has told him I'm so poor. Perhaps he'll come and look after me himself. Anyhow, I'll stay hereabouts and see if I can't find him. When one has 'Thank you!' on one's mind, one don't seem right till it's said."

But no Mr. John Matthews appeared. Maurice asked two or three people, but one

laughed at him; the second, more kindly, threw him a penny; and the last, a tall man with a walking-stick, told him that if he didn't mind, he'd send a policeman after him. So all his consolation was to watch for little Charity, who, after an hour and a half, passed by with about twenty more children, walking two and two, with books in their hands, and in neat attire. Where they were going Maurice did not exactly know, but he guessed that it was to church; for in his wanderings amongst the streets of the metropolis, he had often seen processions of school-children entering churches on Sunday, and had wondered how and why they went to church, and what good it did them. Little Charity nodded as she passed, just as much as to say, "You know, we're friends;" and then Maurice wandered idly about, after following the school for some distance, and seeing them enter a church about half a mile off. He determined, with a new sense of loneliness in his heart, to get a talk with her

the next day, to ask her who it was that gave the water of life freely, and to beg her, if she could, to take him to that kind person.

That evening, a grave middle-aged man came to the drinking-fountain, and looked at it attentively. He drank some of the water, and then read the words that were written over it, quite unconscious that, amongst the throng who filled the street, a ragged boy, with black, anxious eyes, was watching him intently, and had caught the half inaudible murmur of his voice as he repeated the words, "Shall never thirst." Maurice felt sure that this was the person whom he desired to see. In the first place, he wore a black coat, and Maurice had settled that Mr. Matthews was to be thus attired. Then he looked at the fountain as if he had a particular interest in it; and *that* was all right. Again, he had a very kind face, and a half grave, half pleasant smile—

a face which wouldn't let any one feel afraid; and that was right too. Maurice's hopes revived.

"Please, are you Mr. John Matthews?" he asked boldly and shyly at the same time.

"No, my boy," and poor Maurice looked wofully sad; "why do you ask me?"

"Because it's wrote there that he gave the fountain; and I thought, maybe he'd give me that water of life it's wrote about, and that if he was kind he'd find me work, and be a friend to me;" and the boy's lips trembled visibly.

"Mr. John Matthews isn't in England now," said the stranger; "for I know about him. He's the owner of these warehouses. He's kind enough, but it's not he that gives the water of life, poor boy."

"I don't know what that means. I wish I did," continued Maurice sorrowfully; "but it sounded good."

"It is better, far better even than it

sounds," replied his new friend. "I know who it is that can give it you, and will give it for the asking. Would you like to know Him too?"

"If I'm not too poor and ragged. I don't know nought about manners. Would he—he that has the water of life—be my friend?"

"I can promise you that he will—that he is already. Poor boy! you are very ignorant, but I will try to help you. That very Friend sent me to you here."

"Sent you to *me!* Well, I never did," answered Maurice, in unfeigned amazement, and with a sudden remembrance darting across his mind of the bread and meat that morning. "Sent you here to me! Well, that beats all!"

"Shall I tell you something else that he says, before I go?" asked the stranger kindly. "He says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But how am I to come to him? I should have lots to say to him and thank him for. Can you bring me to him?"

"I will try," answered his new acquaintance with a glistening eye; "you must come to my house to-morrow—stay—have you anything to eat for to-night?"

Maurice drew out the remainder of Charity's provision.

"I've got this," he replied. "A little lass that passes this way gave it me this morning, and said, 'It came from him who gave the water of life.' I thought it must be Mr. John Matthews. She's an uncommon kind little lass—it was her told me the words on the fountain."

His friend smiled. "You must go down this street," he said, "and turn to the right, and then go straight on until you come to a large warehouse, called the Old Well Warehouse—any one will tell you the name. There's a high door that's opened every Monday morning at eight o'clock,

and you'll find me in a little room with a glass window just inside. Now good-night."

They were lost to each other in the crowd before either of them remembered that their names were mutually unknown. But as Maurice turned away, a bright ray of the setting sun sparkled on the water of the fountain and lit up the words above it; and it was like the ray of hope which entered the heart of the poor boy who had found a friend.

CHAPTER III.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

THE stranger pursued his homeward way with slow steps. If you could have caught the words that every now and then came in a low whisper from his lips, you would have heard him say, "Who am I that I should know thee, O Lord, and taste of the water of life so freely! Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. Oh that I may lead this poor boy to the fountain of thy grace. Oh that he, too, may hear thy invitation, 'Let him that is athirst come.'"

On arriving at the large warehouse which he had described to Maurice, he opened with a latch-key a small door by the side of the

great unwieldy gate, and entered a little quiet courtyard. "Quiet" at least on Sunday; for during every other day in the week, carts, packing-cases, and creels were strewn about, and the sounds of hammering, lading, directing, and driving were heard unceasingly. There was a tree in the middle of the court, which grew surprisingly, considering the adverse circumstances by which it was surrounded. But what did it signify that its foliage was brown and scanty, and that its kindred in the country would probably refuse to own any relationship with it —it was a real tree that *grew* for all that, and had leaves; and sparrows sometimes chirped among its thinly-covered boughs; and in that part of London, the tree had its admirers and its friends.

It was nearly dark when Maurice's friend crossed the court, and opening the door into a small passage with a stair ascending from it, turned into a room on the left;—a pretty, cosy little room, in which a small lamp was

lighted, and on the table of which a neat supper-tray was spread. By the table sat a little girl with a book in her hand—a child with dark blue eyes, and brown hair folded back from a white forehead, and dressed in a clean print frock, covered with a snowy pinafore. Have you seen her before, kind reader, and do you recognize little Charity in her own home?

She jumped up as her father opened the door. "I thought you were never coming, father," she exclaimed. "Was the service so very long?"

"Not longer than usual," replied he, sitting down and taking her on his knee; "but I stopped on my way. I have been making acquaintance with a friend of yours, Charity."

"Of mine, father! One of our teachers, perhaps."

"No; a poor boy whom you told me of a few days ago—the same who asked you to read the words over the drinking-foun-

tain." And then Mr. March told little Charity all the story that we have told you; and whether it was that the lamp burned very brightly, or that there was something infectious in the look that he threw upon her—so it happened that something very glittering appeared on Charity's cheek when he had ended.

"And may I talk to him sometimes, and teach him in the Bible, father?" she inquired.

"Yes, my child; you shall try to show him the true Fountain, from which whosoever drinks may be satisfied. We will have that for our talk after supper; and whilst we are eating it you shall tell me how you came to know about this poor boy." So then came a most pleasant time for Charity, who, like a wise little housekeeper as she was, provided her father with all he needed, and then told him how the sad, friendless face of poor Maurice had touched her heart; and of how she had put by a little provision for

him, saved from her own dinner and supper, and had not liked to say anything about it, because we are not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth; and of how she had prayed in her prayers that she might know for herself what it was to drink of the water of life freely. And then, when the supper was ended, Charity put away the things quite handily, and trimmed the lamp, and brought down her father's large Bible and her own small one, which were so accustomed to descend from the shelf every evening, that Charity declared they would do so of their own accord if she forgot them; and then, when everything was settled, she sat down on a little stool close by Mr. March, with the question, "Now, father, let me hear all about the water of life."

"What does water do for us, Charity?" asked her father.

"Cleanses us, father, and refreshes us, and quenches our thirst."

"Quite right. We know how pleasant a

glass of cold water is even here when we are thirsty; and in a hot country, like the countries which the Bible speaks of, it is even more needful. Now, can you remember any stories in the Bible or any texts about water?"

"Yes, father. In Exodus there's the story of Moses smiting the rock, when God told him, and of the water coming out for the thirsty people. Then there's the story of Jesus talking to the woman of Samaria, and the text that's over the drinking-fountain has the words which he said to her. And there's about his standing in the temple and saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'"

"And now for some texts, Charity."

"Oh, such a number, father! I've been finding them out this evening. There's that beautiful one in Ezek. xxxvi., '*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:.....and I will put my Spirit within you.*' And there's Mr. Norton's text last

Sunday: '*Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters*' (Isa. lv. 1). And another we had in our class: '*When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Jacob will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water*' (Isa. xli. 17, 18). And now one more, father,—the one I like best of all: '*I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely*' (Rev. xxi. 6).

"Somebody has a good memory," said Mr. March, kindly stroking the brown hair away from little Charity's brow; "now let us see what water typifies or prefigures in the Bible. Look at John vii. 37–39. Jesus, on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, had seen the Jews bringing water from the Pool of Siloam, some of which they drank, and some of which they poured on the altar at the time of even-

ing sacrifice, while they joyfully sang the beautiful words, 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation' (Isa. xii. 3). This custom they observed as a remembrance of their fathers having been miraculously supplied with water in the wilderness. Now, when Jesus saw this, he cried, saying, '*If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;*' and went on to promise *living* water, to which promise the explanation is added: '*But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive.*' All through the Bible, when water is spoken of as a type, it prefigures the Spirit of God, which is freely given to all who ask."

"How did it typify the Holy Spirit, father, when Moses struck the rock in the wilderness?"

"If you look at 1 Cor. x. 4, my child, you will find that we are told, '*That Rock was Christ.*' When was Jesus smitten for our transgressions, and wounded for our iniquities, Charity?"

"When he died in our stead on Calvary, father."

"And when the soldiers pierced his sacred side, what flowed forth in a mingled stream?"

"Water and blood."

"Yes, dear child, then the double fountain was opened for sin and for uncleanness—the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse us from all sin—the water typical of that Holy Spirit which Christ's death purchased for us,—whose office it is to quicken, and sanctify, and cleanse our inmost hearts. And that fountain is flowing still for all who will wash and be clean, just as the stream from the rock followed the Israelites through the desert. When Moses struck the rock with the rod of God, he showed forth in a figure how, nearly fifteen hundred years afterwards, the rod of God's wrath would strike the Lord Jesus for our sakes; and how, when he was thus glorified, the Holy Spirit would be purchased for us. Can you remember any hymn about that, Charity?"

No, Charity could not at first; but when her father began—"Rock of Ages," she quickly took up the words, continuing,—

> ....."cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee;
> Let the water and the blood,
> From Thy wounded side which flowed,
> Be of sin the double cure,
> Cleanse me from its guilt and power!"

"And so, my child," continued Mr. March, "to every one who lays his sins upon Jesus this precious gift is given. How graciously he promised it to the poor woman of Samaria! —how graciously he still promises it to all! Do you remember that beautiful verse: '*If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.*'"

"That's just like the other words, '*Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.*' Father, since I've come to know Jesus more, I've been very thirsty, often," said little Charity.

Her father put his arm round her very tenderly, with the words, "*Let him that is athirst come.*"

And then they both knelt down, and Mr. March prayed that, as Jesus had in his death opened the fountain, and had ascended into heaven to send down the gift of his Holy Spirit, so he would give them to drink—to drink here of the brook by the way, until he should lead them to the living fountains of water above. And they prayed that the poor friendless boy, who knew as yet nothing of Jesus, might drink of the water of life too, and that they might all be daily renewed by the indwelling of the blessed Comforter. And when little Charity rose from her knees, she whispered to her father, "Father, I feel as if we had been drinking just a little at the true fountain even now."

But our story has been long enough. It would take many more pages to tell of how poor Maurice came the next morning and

found to his surprise that both his friends were there to welcome him, and that Mr. March was Mr. John Matthews' head-clerk, and would give him work as errand-boy if he proved trustworthy; or of how, on many a Sunday evening, he and Charity would sit under the shadow of the shabby tree in the court, which they both liked, although it didn't give much of a shadow after all, and how then she would tell him the story of the fountain opened on Calvary, and that, if only he would believe, he might drink freely; or of how Maurice is learning to read, and goes Sunday by Sunday to the house of God, neatly dressed, and with thankful heart,—all this, I say, would take too long to write.

One thing more I must tell my reader,—that whenever either he or Charity passes by a certain drinking-fountain, in a crowded thoroughfare, whether thirsty or not, they always stop to drink; and they look upon it as an old friend whose voice reminds them of a loving invitation given by the Lord Jesus

more than eighteen hundred years ago, but which is repeated still, "*If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;*" and, "*Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.*"

BANK-NOTES.

BANK-NOTES.

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER I.

HARD TIMES.

THE month of February had nearly reached its close, and primroses and early violets were up, peeping, in the country. And in small town-gardens, pale snowdrops, more delicate and fragile than the wild-flowers, were lifting their heads too, as if to see what the world looked like after the winter, and then drooping them permanently, as though they felt shy and timid at finding themselves all alone

above ground, and exposed, without any protection, to the notice of the many who stopped to gaze at the first flowers of the spring; though, indeed, if they had not been too shamefaced to observe how kindly were the glances which bade them welcome from every passer-by, they would have felt rewarded for the effort they had made to appear as early as possible, and in despite of chilling salutations from the cold winds, and of possible freezing demonstrations on the part of snow, sleet, and hail—brethren of the cold-weather family, whose unfriendly reception is often more than sufficient to counterbalance the effects even of a cheery smile from the great sun himself. The little snowdrops might have known that all welcomed them, as they came to proclaim the good-will of mother Earth, and appeared as pledges of her intention to continue through the new year her usual annual bounties, of which these were the earnest and the delicate reminders.

But in the heart of the great metropolis, where lived Kate and Archie Neville, there were no snowdrops to tell them that winter could not always last. From a dark and gloomy house, opening into a dark and gloomy street, the only visible intimations of the existence of a vegetable kingdom were the grassy weeds which forced their way between the flags of a dull court-yard on the other side of the way, and something growing in a flower-pot belonging to an inhabitant of this same court, which never developed into anything particular, but which made a feeble attempt at leaves when June came—and though generally unsuccessful, in that close, loaded atmosphere, maintained a sort of neutral existence, or rather didn't die altogether.

It was, as we have said, a cold, damp evening, at the end of February, and Mrs. Neville had made up the fire in the small grate containing a bare handful of coals, and had told Kate to make the room more orderly than

it had been left at the conclusion of a game of romps between Archie and baby Rose, who was not four years old.

"Your father will be in soon, Katie," continued her mother; "he likes to see the place as nice as we can make it."

Whereupon Katie surveyed the task before her, and entered upon it with a wee, wee sigh; which, translated into words, would have said, "I wish the room were not quite so easy to set to rights; there were more things to tidy away in our old home."

However, a poor room neat and orderly looks much brighter than a poor room in disorder, and Katie felt this too. So first she gathered up Rose's playthings, such as they were, and put them into the old basket set aside for their reception in the corner of the cupboard. Then the table was cleared of little ends of stuff and cotton which remained from her mother's work, and was made to look as respectable as it could. This table was a source of perplexity to the

Neville family, and Archie said that it had never been new! Its surface was slightly uneven; it had rheumatism in one of its legs, and another had suffered from a compound fracture, so that it required much management and humouring to enable it to stand straight. Katie, however, maintained that *she* understood the table, having carefully studied its peculiarities; and she certainly contrived, by means of a wedge here, and an extra support there, to enable it, better than could any other member of the family, to do its duty. There remained four comfortless-looking chairs to be made the most of in the arrangement of the room, and these Katie disposed of to the best advantage, proceeding then to pay attention to the few articles ranged upon a clumsy mantel-shelf, and upon the old family trunk which filled a corner of the apartment, and which was used as a dresser by Mrs. Neville in her domestic operations.

You could not have been for five minutes

in that room without becoming aware that the Neville family had once been in better circumstances, and that they had not always inhabited this dark, gloomy abode. You would have known it from observing the children's appearance and manners, perhaps from hearing little Rose propose to Archie that they should play at being at home again, and wish that she had as many toys here. And you would have noticed it, too, in the speech and dress of their mother, who, plain and homely as was her own attire and that of the children, contrived that it should look neat and well even in this dark room, which required bright faces within to lighten it, as few sunbeams seemed to think it worth while to take the trouble of calling there. There were some neatly-bound books, too, and children's lesson-books, which Katie ranged in order on the trunk, and a writing-desk and small ink-stand—which all looked as if they were unaccustomed to such quarters; and a clock on

the mantel-piece ticked out a reminder to the little maiden that her father might be soon expected.

Your conjectures would have been true, good reader. A few years before the commencement of our story, the Neville family had their abode in a pleasant little house, near a park so bright and green that the two children had thought it must be almost as good as the country, of which they had heard so much. Their father had held the situation of head clerk in a large mercantile house in the city, and was laying by yearly a sufficient portion of his salary to enable him to look forward to giving his children a good education, besides setting something in store against a rainy day. These hopes, however, had been thrown to the ground by the failure of the bank in which all his savings had been deposited; whereupon he and his wife had been obliged to leave their first home, and, dismissing their one servant, to retreat to a smaller abode in a less desirable

neighbourhood. Here little Rose had been born, and as her father still retained his situation, her parents hoped that by-and-by they might once more look forward to brighter days. Meantime Archie and Katie were being instructed by their mother, and by their father himself when he returned from his long day in the counting-house, whilst they early learned to make themselves useful within-doors.

But greater trials had come about a month before the opening of our story. The large commercial house in which Mr. Neville held his clerkship unexpectedly failed, through the dishonesty of one of the partners, and its servants were dismissed, many of them without their full payment, and all without an hour's warning, to find themselves thrown upon the world without any certainty or prospect of finding employment. It was a great blow to the Nevilles, who had few friends, and none able to help them. Even their present humble dwelling was beyond

their means, since, though modest, it was comfortable and cheerful in its arrangements and situation, and had, moreover, a few square yards of ground at the back, which afforded endless interest to the children, who delighted in what they called their "gardens," although, from some peculiarity in the soil, we should state that nothing planted in them was ever known to grow to maturity. This abode, where had been spent many happy days, it became necessary to leave; and the offer for a few months, rent free, of two or three dingy rooms in the city, formerly occupied by one of the now discarded warehousemen, which was made to Mr. Neville from the directors of the lately flourishing concern in which he had been employed, was at once accepted; and thither one dreary day at Christmas-time he removed his wife and family.

They felt the change in no small degree; they missed favourite possessions, which had of necessity been sold with the greater part

of their moderate supply of furniture, in order to their being enabled to leave their former home without a debt; and the parents saw with bitter anxiety, that while their small fund of ready money rapidly diminished, though eked out with the most rigid economy, their children's stock of health and spirits was diminishing too. The confinement in the close, unhealthy atmosphere, was visibly affecting them; and as he observed this, increasingly urgent became their father's search after fresh employment, in quest of which he daily sallied forth, to return, however, depressed, weary, and disappointed. If it had not been that the little family circle was rich in the treasures of home love and union, there would have been yet more to suffer. But as it was, the trial seemed to bring the husband and wife yet nearer to each other; and Katie and Archie sought bravely, children though they were, to prevent their parents from thinking how much they missed the interests and amuse-

ments of their former home, exercising their inventions most successfully in devising new plays for little Rose, in order to prevent her from feeling the change as much as they did.

And while we have been telling you all this, Katie has finished her task of setting the room in order, and is proceeding to lay the cloth for supper in readiness for her father's return, doing all in her power to avoid disturbing her mother, whose fingers, often stiff and weary, still pursue their busy employment of needlework, by which she earns a small sum to meet the present need.

Laying the cloth seemed a dreary sort of ceremony to Katie, who knew exactly the state of things within the cupboard. The four tea-cups, and Rose's gilt mug, with "A present for a good girl" inscribed upon it, looked very well, and the plates were ranged very neatly, but—and the *but* was one from which there was no escape—tea-cups and plates alone make out but scant fare, and Mrs. Neville's negative reply to the inquiry,

"Is there nothing but bread for father's supper, mother?" was not cheering, when Katie remembered that he had eaten nothing but bread and the last little portion of cheese for dinner. She took the remains of the loaf from the shelf, and placed it on the table. It had never been an attractive loaf, like the home-baked ones of their former abode, and now it looked less inviting than ever.

"I wish I had a penny," she whispered to Archie, "to get a little bit of butter, or a piece of bacon for father and mother. It doesn't seem to matter so much for us as for them—the having nothing but dry bread."

"There's tea left," replied Archie, "and mother bought a penn'orth of milk from the man; but still—it comes to dry bread still."

"It would look something more to make some toast," suggested Katie, suddenly; "I'll make some before father comes in."

Whereupon, cutting the loaf so carefully as not to waste a crumb, she proceeded to make some slices of toast, which were hardly

ready when Mr. Neville's step was heard at the door.

"Well, William?" said his wife, looking up wearily with a glance which said, "What success?"

"Nothing better," he replied, wiping the rain-drops off his coat, and throwing himself on a chair. "I've been out miles to the West End, thinking to get a situation I'd heard of. The gentleman saw me himself, for a wonder, and listened; and then, when he found I'd belonged to the Macleane firm, told me the place was filled up. It's that name that sticks in my way so."

"Didn't they offer you something to eat?" asked his wife, with a glance from her tired husband to the loaf on the table.

"No; there at the West End they're too grand to have heard of any one coming hungry to look after a place; but there—it's no use complaining; one sometimes feels too weary to look up, as we should, though it seems so dark now." And he took little

Rose on his knee, thankful that one of their party was too young to understand all he had said. Rose nestled snugly into his arms. "We've been p'aying 'cool," she said.

"Playing school, Rosie; and who taught you?"

"Kate and Artie; me learn hymn to say 'ou, father."

"Well, let me hear; Katie and Archie know a great many."

"Tan't remember all," said Rose, sitting up gravely, and then trying to recall dimly the manner in which Archie had insisted on her pronouncing every word; "the end is—

'We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.'"

"That'll do by itself, little one," said her father, while his sad face somewhat brightened; "father wants to learn it too,—

'We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.'

Sarah, don't be down; let's cheer up with Rose's words. Come, it's tea-time."

So they sat down somewhat silently to the tea-table, and yet the better for the thought of trusting the future to higher hands. Mrs. Neville broke the silence.

"What's to be done for to-morrow, William? All my money's gone."

"I might earn something by carrying," he replied, "but that wouldn't come in till night. What's in the house, Sarah?"

"That," she replied, pointing to the portion of crust which remained on the table.

They glanced at the children, and then towards the clock. "It would only fetch a trifle," she continued, answering his thoughts; "it's so old-fashioned, and not good of its kind."

"There's my desk," her husband rejoined; "but that would bring next to nothing." The cloud was coming back to his brow. His wife looked for a moment at the ring on her left hand, but turned away, as if to give it up would be too hard.

"If only we had friends!" she said sadly;

"it seems strange we should both of us have been orphans, alone in the world, before we married, William. Isn't there any one we could go to? Those directors should do something."

He shook his head. "They're worse off themselves," he replied; "we have no debts. I suppose by this time they're out of England for the most part. Here Katie, child, you may put away the things."

Kate obeyed silently and sadly. She had understood what her parents had said, and vainly pondered as to what she might do to help them. As she put up the cups and saucers, her little Bible received an accidental push and fell from the shelf. Her father stooped to pick it up, but it had fallen open, and his eye caught the words on the page exposed to view. He leaned towards his wife and pointed them out to her,—"*My God shall supply all your need.*" "That's our bank-note, Sarah; and the bank's a safe one—'*according to His riches in glory by*

Christ Jesus.' Let's agree, dear wife, to 'trust Him for all that's to come.'"

He had become cheerful again, but she shook her head and covered her face with her hands. Poor mother! She had worked day and night unwearyingly in that dull room, and when she looked at the children, she felt her strength and faith giving way.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD POCKET-BOOK.

KATE and Archie had been trying to amuse little Rose at the other end of the room with what they could find in the old black trunk above mentioned, in which sundry stray articles were contained that had been gathered out from depositories in their former home, and had not been worth selling. Suddenly Archie exclaimed that he could hear the postman's knock in the distance. It was to him the little interest of the evening to watch him go by in his red coat, and to wonder at the speed and regularity with which he delivered his letters; and so the boy ran to the outer door, in spite of rain

and fog, to maintain his usual post of observation.

A moment after, he came running in with a missive in his hand. "A letter for you, father!" he exclaimed; "perhaps there's good news for us—perhaps it's to say you'll get rich again." The children, as they looked back, thought that their father had been a rich man before this last time of trial.

Mrs. Neville looked up eagerly while her husband examined the letter, and the cover addressed to—

Mr. William Neville,
4 Glass Court,
City.

"I don't know the handwriting," he observed, and then opening it began to read. He folded it and gave it to his wife.

"I can't see to read it," she said; "my eyes are blinded so with work, and the light's bad. Tell me what's inside."

"It's from a gentleman a hundred and fifty miles off, who's heard of my wanting a clerk's

place from one of the partners in the firm—Macleane's firm that was. He says there'll be a place open in his business house, with the same pay as I had before, but that I must apply myself not later than the day after to-morrow, or it will be filled, as there are so many after it. It's a kind letter—a gentleman's letter—and it's been kind of the directors to mention my name."

Mrs. Neville's face had brightened suddenly. The cheerful voices of the children who had strayed into the inner room no longer sounded so sadly on her ears, as a hope of being enabled to provide for them found its way to her heart. Then her countenance fell once more. "A hundred and fifty miles! Oh, a hundred and fifty miles, William; and how are you to get there? My ring! but that wouldn't raise enough. To think of being so near good times again, and then just failing."

Her husband looked anxious. "I have only this coat," he said, "and one must look

fairly respectable to apply. It'll take nearly two pounds altogether, there and back."

Katie's voice outside filled up the silence that followed. She was singing over, as if to herself, the words which little Rose had repeated,—

"We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

"We must try Katie's plan," he rejoined gently. "Can't we trust, Sarah, to Him who will supply all our need? His arm isn't shortened, and we're His, and our children."

She did not answer, but stood up, saying it was Rose's bed-time. The cloud was on her brow, settling amongst furrows that had become imprinted there of late.

The children re-entered, and Rose climbed her father's knee to say good-night.

"Was there good news in the letter, father?" inquired Archie.

"Yes, my boy," replied his father.

"Mother doesn't look like it," said Katie, anxiously.

386472B

"Mother's tired," he rejoined. "We must try to ask God to supply all our need, Katie. The letter came to give me a chance of a situation, but I haven't money now to get to the place where the gentleman lives."

"O father, take my work-box and sell it," said Katie; "or the brooch—no, that's gone already; or my books that are left—or—anything that I have."

"Take my Noah's ark," said Archie, not to be outdone by Katie; "or my 'Robinson Crusoe' with gilt leaves, or—"

Little Rose was listening wonderingly, understanding only at last that her brother and sister seemed engaged in the bestowal on their father of all their remaining worldly goods; whereupon, holding up the article which she had been quietly playing with, she put it into his hands, saying, "Take lis too, father."

Katie and Archie laughed at the little mocking-bird, and her father playfully took it from her.

"Why, where did this come from?" he inquired. "It is like my poor mother's old pocket-book, which I used to play with when I was Archie's age."

"It came out of the old black trunk, father; Rose liked doing and undoing the fastening."

"It must have lain at the bottom amongst old rubbish ever since before we were married," rejoined his wife carelessly. "I don't ever remember clearing it well out, for I'd forgotten all about that trunk till our first move, and then I put the children's toys and clothes in it."

"My poor mother!" pursued her husband, as, still with his little one on his knee, he turned over the pages, and noticed the old-fashioned contrivance for keeping needles and thread, and told the children a story of how once he had lost that identical pocket-book, and though he had been then grown-up, and had bought his mother a fine leather one instead, she had not liked it half so well,

and had never ceased mourning for the old one until it was found after many months in some out-of-the-way corner.

"P'etty pictur!" said Rose, catching a thin piece of paper which suddenly fluttered down from an unexpected slit in the inner lining of the pocket-book.

Archie looked over her shoulder. "Such an odd little picture," he exclaimed, "up in the corner!—it has a crown at the top, and—"

"There's writing," interposed Katie,—"writing in such funny letters. Listen: 'BANK OF ENGLAND. *I promise to pay the Bearer, on demand, the sum of* TEN *Pounds. 1801, Feb. 27. London, 27 Feb. 1801. For the Governor and Company of the* BANK OF ENGLAND.' And then there's a name signed down at the bottom, and a great big ugly TEN in funny white letters in the corner. Did you print it for grandmother, father?"

Mrs. Neville laid down the candle quickly, whilst her father withdrew the paper from

Rose's fingers. He read it carefully and silently, and then exchanged looks with his wife. It seemed too good, too strange to be true—yet it was true. She first realized it all.

"Will you go, William?" she inquired brightly, while the children looked wonderingly into her face.

"Yes, I think so," he replied gravely.—"Katie, Archie, didn't little Rose tell us to '*trust Him for all that's to come*,' and didn't God's Word tell us that he'd '*supply all our need?*' Well, dear children (don't mind poor mother's crying a little—she's been very anxious, and it'll do her good), He's been true to his word, and this that little Rose calls a picture is an old bank-note, which my mother must have laid by in her pocket-book without telling any one, and which has just come to us when God saw our need was the sorest."*

So it was. Katie and Archie were neither

* This incident is a true one.

of them quite clear in their minds as to how that flimsy piece of paper was to turn into gold, silver, copper, bread, tea, meat, sugar, and clothing. Archie, who was not quite out of the fairy ages, said that some magic wand would transform it into these good things; and Katie wondered without arriving at any conclusion at all. Their father, however, promised that they should comprehend it on the morrow.

And then, when a few minutes had gone rapidly by in discussing the brighter prospects before them; when the children had realized the possibility of a railroad journey, and of a little house with a garden, perhaps, in a country-town—a new place; when Rose had opened her blue eyes in wonderment at a shower of kisses which came upon her, because it seemed to every one the most natural way of showing their gladness, they knelt together and thanked Him who had heard their cry and had sent them help in time of need. And when father and mother

looked together that night on their sleeping children, they joined in the words which Rose had taught them,—

"We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come!"

CHAPTER III.

A ROYAL PROMISE.

THE next day the brother and sister accompanied their father to the Bank of England, which was close to their gloomy abode, now brightened, however, by two sunshiny visitors named Hope and Thankfulness. It was such an old note, their father said, that he would take it to the bank; the which remark neither of the children in the least understood. They watched with interest how, as he presented the precious paper, the clerk behind the counter examined it, and then made the inquiry, "Do you wish for gold, sir?" to which their father replied, "If you please;" whereupon were delivered over to

him ten bright new sovereigns, which looked more promising in their eyes than the crumpled note for which they were exchanged. Then they all went to a shop, where one of these sovereigns was partially converted into bread, and into another where meat was purchased, and it was with strangely happy feelings that they arrived at home. Their father could not explain anything then, for after an hour or two he wished them all good-byes that were to last, he said, for two days, and departed in haste ; and we must wish the children good-bye too, not to return until the evening when their father was expected back again.

Upon that evening Katie had no need to task her wits as to how to make some little variety for supper : for some nice broth with substantial meat-bones in it was simmering encouragingly by one side of the fire, and some hot potatoes steamed promisingly on the other ; and a large cut-and-come-again loaf was on the table, and by its side was a

small portion of butter, which Mrs. Neville said was a piece of extravagance, but which Katie had begged her to buy for father, as he was sure to come back with the promise of the new place, and he would not have dined on the way. And the cups and saucers reflected the light; and when he came, his face reflected the light too; whereupon Mrs. Neville's took to reflecting the light that was reflected in his face; whence it followed that the children's countenances all joined in reflecting the combined light which their parents reflected; the result being, finally, a complication and combination of pleasant reflections, which were positively delightful to behold.

Yes; it was all good news. He had obtained the place, and a good salary; and the sisters and brother were almost bewildered at the prospect which their father opened before them, of a railway journey that was to come almost directly; and of a small cottage with a tiny garden, in which grew

crocuses and snowdrops now, and wherein might be reasonably expected to grow roses and carnations in the summer; and of going to school where was a play-ground, in which he had been credibly informed that there was a swing and a see-saw;—that was a tumultuous and a happy supper-time. Plans were discussed, and questions innumerable asked and answered. The dull, cross-looking old room in the city, had probably never been accustomed to such gladness; and the smoky rafters and discoloured walls seemed to question the desirability of echoing the children's mirth, which, however, darkly as they looked on the matter, they were constrained to do at last.

The little clock did its duty steadily, even under these unsteadying circumstances. Mrs. Neville consulted it after some time, and found that Rose's hour for retirement had come, and led her into the inner room; while, as it was later than usual, she told the elder ones not to wait for her, but

to begin their evening reading with their father.

They fetched their Bibles, but Katie paused ere opening hers. "Father," she said, "I've wanted to ask you, do you remember that evening that was so sad at first, and then so happy, how you showed mother that promise, and said it was a bank-note?"

"Yes, Katie," replied her father; I've thought of it often since. Find it in the fourth of Philippians."

They obeyed, and listened inquiringly.

"What were the words on that bank-note which has done so much for us?" he inquired.

"It was like this, father: 'I promise to pay to the Bearer on demand the sum of Ten Pounds;' and then it was signed by a name at the bottom."

"Quite right, Katie. You see it did not need for me to *earn* that money, though the promise must once upon a time have be-

longed to some one, who had a right to the money which he had earned; the bearer—any one who took that promise to the bank, and claimed its being paid to him—was sure of getting it. There are millions of money in the bank,—more than you could possibly count; and the person whose name is signed at the bottom of the promise, is what is called the cashier—the person who is supposed to be chosen to make all the payments."

"But," interposed Archie, "suppose there were so many promises brought to be paid at the bank, that though there are millions of pounds, still there would not be enough money to pay them."

"Then it would prove that it was a dishonest bank," replied his father; "it would have sent out more notes or promises than it was able to fulfil. If it had not been for a dishonest bank, which did this in a way I cannot explain to you, I should have been richer than I am."

"And now about the verse. father," re-

sumed Katie; "what did you mean when you said that to mother?"

"Read it, Katie, the nineteenth verse."

She obeyed, reading slowly: "'*My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*'"

"Now, dear children," said their father, "you must remember what you have so often learned about our having fallen so deeply into sin that God was obliged for his word's sake to pass sentence of death upon us all. Well, then, you know his dear Son came to die in order to take our punishment upon himself. He bore every part of our punishment; and when he had suffered even unto death instead of us, he ascended again to his Father's throne, to wear the crown of glory which he had won. Then our heavenly Father, who had grieved so much over our sins and the punishment to which he was obliged by his justice to condemn us, that he did not spare his own dear Son that he should take it all in our stead, rejoiced

greatly that, since all the penalty was paid for us, he could give us *for Christ's sake* all the great gifts which he could not justly have given us in our own right. God has a great treasure-house of heavenly riches and of gifts for men, which he could not in justice have given us, if our Saviour had not died for us. But now the Lord Jesus has gone up into heaven, to receive those gifts for men, since he has bought the right of giving them by his blood; and it is just as if he had won the key of the treasury by his death, since everything we receive is *for his sake.*"

"That's why we say '*for Jesus Christ's sake,*' at the end of our prayers, isn't it?" inquired Archie.

"Yes, Archie; and the treasures in that great treasury are told of over and over in the Bible. In one verse it says, '*In whom we have forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;*' and in another we are told that the Holy Spirit's strength in the inner man is given us from '*the riches of his glory;*'

and in that same chapter St. Paul speaks of '*the unsearchable riches of Christ*,'—riches which can never fail, and from which we may always be drawing and yet never make them less."

"But about the bank-note," persisted Katie.

Her father took her Bible and found a verse in the sixteenth of St. John: '*Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*' This is a bank-note, Katie, a promise signed by Jesus Christ, in his blood,—a royal promise which we must bring to the treasury on our knees. And just as you saw that my note of promise was turned into money at the bank, so that promise will be received when we plead it with the God who waits to be gracious, and who lets us fill up that '*whatsoever*' with that which we most need, and then owns the promise, and gives us the blessings.

"And the verse you showed to mother," interposed Archie again.

"Ah, that is a wonderful verse!" answered his father; "there'd be fewer anxious hearts if we used that bank-note aright. It might be put like this: "*I promise to supply to the pleader of this promise, on demand, the sum of all that he may need from God the Father's treasury of riches in glory.*' And this is made sure by the name of *Christ Jesus,* which signs and seals the promise."

"It says, '*All the promises of God are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus,*'" pursued Katie, thoughtfully. "I wonder, father, we're not always quite sure about everything,—I mean, I wonder we don't come to him about all we want."

"It *is* a wonder," he added, half sorrowfully. "We often let the promises lie by, making as little use of them as I did of the note in the pocket-book, till I found it and turned it into money. They're no good to us unless we bring them to the Lord and turn them into blessings."

"And they're of use over and over again,"

added Archie. "I've found another bank-note, father: '*Ask, and ye shall receive.*'"

"And here's another," exclaimed Katie: '*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*' Rest's what's promised there, father.—O Archie, we have hundreds of bank-notes, if we look for them."

"And mind you bring them to the treasury, *expecting* to have them made good," concluded their father. "Remember it says, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*'"

And now we must say good-bye to Katie and Archie, for this is to be but a little book, and the story of their journey to their new home, and of their settling down in it, and of the school with the play-ground, and of all the other new circumstances which befell them, would make quite a long recital. Bright days had come to the Neville family,

and they prospered from the hour in which the old pocket-book had been discovered. Perhaps we should tell you that on the Sunday evenings one of the children's favourite employments is that of finding Bible bank-notes; and when you are in need, or anxiety, or poverty, young reader, oh! do the same, —let them not lie unpleaded, unpresented in your Bible. Remember that "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, *will with him also freely give us all things*," and that our unfailing treasury is that of "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

Illustrated Story-Books for the Young.

THE CHILDREN ON THE PLAINS. A Story of Travel and Adventure in the Great Prairies of North America. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Sixteen Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

THINGS IN THE FOREST. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Fifty Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

TRUTH IS ALWAYS BEST; or, "A Fault Confessed is Half Redressed." By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Seventeen Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

THE STORY OF REUBEN INCH; or, The Power of Perseverance. By the Author of "Copsley Annals," "Village Missionaries," &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Twenty Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

LITTLE LILY'S TRAVELS. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Twenty-two Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

OLD ROBIN AND HIS PROVERB; or, With the Lowly is Wisdom. By Mrs. HENRY F. BROCK. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Sixteen Illustrations. Royal 18mo. Price 1s.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN. A Story Illustrating the Lord's Prayer. By a CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Twenty Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s.

THE STORY OF A PIN; or, The Changes and Chances of an Eventful Life. By E. M. S. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

BIBLE STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By M. JONES. With Thirty-Two Engravings. Royal 18mo, cloth extra, gilt edges. Price 1s. 6d.

LESSONS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME. By the Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther." With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Thirty Engravings. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

MARION'S SUNDAYS; or, Stories on the Commandments. With Tinted Frontispiece and Vignette, and Three Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

Instructive Series of Shilling Books.

Each with Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and Numerous Engravings.

WONDERS OF CREATION.—Volcanoes and their Phenomena.

NATURE'S WONDERS.—Pictures of Remarkable Scenes in Foreign Lands.

WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

SCENES OF WONDER IN MANY LANDS. Being Descriptions of Rapids, Cascades, Waterfalls, &c.

T. NELSON AND SONS LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

The "Schonberg-Cotta" Series.

Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s. 6d. each.

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.

THE TIMES.—*"The book is thoroughly Protestant, in the highest and best sense of the word... We are confident that most women will read it with keen pleasure, and that those men who take it up will not easily lay it down without confessing that they have gained some pure and ennobling thoughts from the perusal."*

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED. A Story of the First Century.

ATHENÆUM.—*"The authoress keeps up in the present story the characteristics which have marked its predecessors; and the care shown in reproducing the manners of the first century does not render the persons either stiff or unnatural."*

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN: A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS: A Story of the Civil Wars.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA: A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

WINIFRED BERTRAM, AND THE WORLD SHE LIVED IN.

THE MARTYRS OF SPAIN AND THE LIBERATORS OF HOLLAND; or, The Story of the Sisters Dolores and Costanza Cazalla.

SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

DIARY OF BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW, WITH OTHER TALES AND SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN DIFFERENT LANDS AND AGES.

WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS. With Panorama of Jerusalem.

POEMS by the Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." CONTENTS:—The Women of the Gospels—The Three Wakings—Songs and Hymns, &c. Crown 8vo. gilt edges.

THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN SONG; or, Hymns and Hymn Writers of Many Lands and Ages.

T NELSON AND SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.